

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS ENOUGH.

When partnership links the strong to the weak,
How palmed the strong one's arm!
'You will ruin us both; sit quiet and wait.'
So he yields to the weak one's arm.

A word to the wise.

Of the tyrant Mezentius, the wicked, the vile,
And his cruelty, have ye ne'er read?
How he linked the fresh and breathing life
To the loathsome corpse of the dead?

A word to the wise.

Did ye never read in those Eastern tales
How Sinbad, the Sailor bold,
Was bowed and bent by that vile old man,
And half killed by his strangling fold?

A word to the wise.

And the Babylonian despot's dream
Of the image on Dura's plain,
'Whose feet were iron and miry clay'—
How they crumbled to dust again?

A word to the wise.

Thus mixed with the miry clay of the South
Are the iron New England States—
What chemist can these amalgamate?
And what but disunion awaits?

A word to the wise.

Tenterden, (England.) JANE ARBURY.

For the Liberator.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

'Ah!' sighed poor Bessie, 'I'm so tired out with
work, I sometimes think I can't enjoy heaven till I rest
a little first. I'm afraid of going straight there with-
out a good sleep in the grave, where the weary mill
can never wake me any more.'—Mrs. Gaskell's North
and South.

'Never sorrow for me, Margaret,
When I go from this poor place,
For all I grieve at leaving, dear,
Is my pitiful sweet face.
I shall be glad to find at last
The rest for which I pine;
There are few joys to part with
In such a life as mine;

'Tis a weary round of labor,
Full of cares that grind and fret,
For the daily bread we pray for,
And the rest we never get.
Do not sorrow when you lay me
Where purple heath-bells wave;
I'm too weary yet for heaven,
Let me sleep long in my grave.

Let me sleep without the dreams
That often drive me wild
With yearning love and sorrow
For the starving little child,
Whose patient face looked into mine,
(Ah me! how pinched and white!)
Whose wasted arms clung closely
Through all that bitter night,
Whose feeble voice called after me,
Imploping me to stay,
When the cruel mill-bell rang,
And summoned me away.

And all that day I heard the cry,
'Oh, Bessie, come to Will!'
But when I flew to answer it,
The little voice was still.

The patient child had found at last
The ease I could not give:
God will forgive me that I went—
I worked that he might live.
My heart is drained of all its tears;
I will not try to weep.
For little Will is happier now,
'Neath the warm sod fast asleep.
Pain and Want, like angels veiled,
Showered him enough of woe
To wean his heart from this sad world,
And make him glad to go.

With gentle hands they led him hence,
From this life hard and drear;
Dear God, be kind to little Will,
He had so few joys here.

His blessed rest will soon be mine,
And my weary eyes will see
No tall chimneys 'gainst the sky,
Dimming its blue to me.
I shall not draw my breath with pain
In the stifling factory rooms,
And my dizzy head will never whirl
To the jangling of the looms.
There'll be no lying down at night,
Too tired for any prayer,
No rising up in the dreary dawn
To the old grief and despair.
No bitter thoughts of happier souls,
Who know no want nor sin,
Who stand like lilies in the sun,
And "neither toil nor spin";
Who never know what weary hands
Weave garments for their wear;
I would to heaven they could read
The histories written there;

What sighs and tears are woven in,
What cheeks pale in the gloom,
What hearts are darkened by despair,
What hearts break at the loom.
I shall forget all in my rest,
Nor ask for life again,
When pitying death shall free my soul
From its prison-house of pain.
Let me lie far out on the sunny moor,
Where not a sound is heard,
No human footstep passing by,
Nor voice of singing bird.

I am tired of sound and motion,
And shall never lie at ease,
If I be not very far away
From the noisy factories.
I shall not fear to slumber there,
For the sky'll be over head,
The blessed sky I cannot see
Here, lying on my bed.
The fragrant heath will cover me,
Secure from heat and cold,
And the sunshine (even so seldom)
Will lure flowers from the mould.
Bear me to the same green hollow
Where my little Willie went,
Lay me close beside my darling,
And I shall be content.

Do not sorrow for me, Margaret,
At rest forever and forever,
In the blessed sun and air,
Trend very lightly as you pass
'Where the purple heath-bells wave;
I'm too weary yet for heaven,
Let me sleep long in my grave.' L. M. A.

For the Liberator.

SWEET MEMORIES.

There's a soft and golden light
Round our memories of the past,
That doth never fade away,
Though the sky be overcast;
But forever brightly shines
Through our lone and weary hours,
And as gloriously beams
When our path is rich with flow'rs.
Deeds of love and gentle words
Kindle such immortal light;
With our whole hearts then we bless
Those who make our memories bright. KAT.

The Liberator.

INFORMATION WANTED.

How far, probably, does God act upon the advice
which men disinterestedly give him (for their own
purposes) in relation to his management of the world?
A writer in the Old Testament* informs us that
Jehovah once confided to Moses a plan which he had
formed in relation to the children of Israel; that
Moses, seeing certain disadvantages in that plan,
remonstrated against it; and that Jehovah, there-
upon, repented of his original purpose, and took a
different course.

Teachers of religion must often find the question
coming practically before them for decision, whether
they will maintain the perfect wisdom and justice of
God, or the correct information of some one of the
forty or fifty writers of the Old and New Testaments,
when these two come in conflict.

They must sometimes also be asked whether God
will probably comply with requests that may be made
to Him at the present day, for more or less rain or
sunshine than he has originally decided to provide,
when the farmers of a particular locality think that
He is giving them too much or too little.

It appears by the Honolulu Friend, that a similar
question has lately been considered among the mis-
sionaries at the Sandwich Islands. After the subsi-
dence of a volcanic eruption, which for a long time
had threatened the people of one of those islands, the
Rev. T. Coan, of Hilo, read an essay before the 'Ha-
waiian Evangelical Association,' with the following
title: 'Is it proper to hold up the idea before the
Hawaiians, that the lava-flow toward Hilo ceased in
answer to prayer?'

It is certainly important that those who assume to
teach Christianity to the heathen should make it clear
to them, not only that the true God is wise and good,
but that he is so wise and so good as not to need guid-
ance or suggestion from His creatures in either of these
departments; and, further, that, if heat and cold, sun-
and wind and rain, should be modified at the request
of every farmer's minister who thought a change desir-
able, we should probably have more variable weather
than at present, with a much less perfect accomplish-
ment of the general welfare.—C. K. W.

* Exodus xxxiii. 9 to 14.

THE BANKS CONVENTION.

This Convention at Worcester, though not so nu-
merously attended from abroad as was expected, was
united, enthusiastic, and large enough to indicate a
strong interest. I believe that Mr. Banks will be
elected, through the strong desire of decent men to
be rid of Gov. Gardner, and to unite on a tolerable
representative of average Massachusetts sentiment.
It is a genuine movement, and includes a wide range
of elements. The combination of extremes in the
Convention was very marked. The self-congratulation
of some Boston men that there are no extremists
in the party, is amusing, in view of the promi-
nence of those eminently law-abiding men (in fugi-
tive slave cases) S. P. Hanscom, John L. Swift, and
Judge Russell! In this city, moreover, great pains
were taken to include among the delegates some of the
leaders in the Disunion Convention, such as
Thomas Earle and S. D. Tourtellotte;—a significant
circumstance.

In fact, at the preliminary meeting of the Con-
vention which nominated Banks, in the principal speech
made in his behalf, it was stated, as one of the chief
proofs of his anti-slavery sincerity, that he had of-
fered to 'let the Union slide.' And this was received
with applause!
Thus, I doubt not, many strong anti-slavery men
will support Banks, without any personal faith in his
reliability. Between his election and Gardner's, it is
the old question between half a loaf and no bread.
Look only at to-day, and the half loaf conquers.
But if there is reason to hope, that by holding out
till to-morrow (and not otherwise) the whole loaf will
be obtained, it may be better to starve a few hours
longer. This is, in a nutshell, the whole philosophy
of third parties.

Another point, however, comes in. The moral
offset to the advantage of having a decent party in
power, is that it is a worse evil to have a bad thing
done by a decent man than by a scoundrel. Let a
fugitive slave case occur in Boston, (and the number
of fugitives among us is increasing rapidly, thank
God!)—it is plain what the State Executive will do.
Gardner or Banks, no matter,—the Governor will sus-
tain the United States laws, order out the muskets,
and shoot down Charles Sumner himself, if he lifts a
finger of resistance. The difference is, that the act
which Republicans will curse, if done by Gardner, they
will applaud, if done by Banks. And while Gardner
would do the act with open villany, Banks would dis-
guise it with such skillful words as would have almost
vindicated the Stamp Act or Boston Massacre.
For these reasons, I can see nothing to be gained,
by anti-slavery voters, through the support of Mr.
Banks. To intrigue with Gardnerites or Buchananites
against him, is utterly unjustifiable,—and yet there
may be, I am sorry to say, some who will do this.
But to honestly support an anti-slavery man, is worth
risking the election of Gardner for.

Worcester, Sept. 11, 1857. T. W. H.

THE WESTERN CONVENTIONS.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:
After the adjournment of the Binghamton Con-
vention, I visited Windsor, a village fifteen miles
from the New York and Erie Railway, and lectured
on Saturday and Sunday. Our friends there think
that my presence in the place at that time was oppor-
tune, for I found the Rev. Mr. Avery, of Syracuse, a
superannuated clergyman, an agent of the American
Colonization Society, advertised to lecture in the Pres-
byterian church on Sunday. It had been many years
since I had listened to a discourse on that subject,
and felt no little interest to know what kind of a doc-
trine our old enemy would appear in. Having no meeting
myself at the hour when the Colonizationist was to
speak, I went in and heard him. He spoke of the
formation of the Society, and its objects being ap-
proved by Thomas Clarkson and other philanthro-
pists, and especially by the colored people of Phila-
delphia and Boston. He called the Society the black
man's friend; said it presented to the poor injured
sons and daughters of Africa an asylum in their own
native land; that they could never be respected in
America. A gentleman in Virginia had liberated
three lots of slaves. Lot No. 1 he settled on a farm
near him; lot No. 2 he sent to Philadelphia; and lot
No. 3 was sent to Liberia. Of course, those in Vir-
ginia and Philadelphia were indignant, and failed to
make a living; while the lot forwarded to Africa had
flourished 'like a green bay tree.' 'No,' said he,
'the black man cannot thrive in this country.'

He did not mention the fact that the Society was
under the patronage of the South; that was kept
from the audience for many reasons. The lecture was
endorsed by the minister of the church, and an appeal
made for funds in aid of 'the good cause.' How
large the contribution was I did not learn, but one
man was seen to put in five dollars.

At five o'clock, I held a meeting in the Methodist
church, their minister having gone to the camp-meet-
ing. My audience was very much larger than attend-
ed the Colonization lecture, and I never had a more
attentive hearing. I took up the Colonization Society,
and showed that it was the enemy of the colored peo-
ple, bond and free; that it was supported by slave-
holders and pro-slavery people; that it created and
kept up prejudice against the free colored people;
and informed the audience that Thomas Clarkson and
all other friends of freedom had condemned the course
and aims of the Society, and especially had it been

reputed by the colored people of Boston, Philadel-
phia, and other cities in the United States.

I brought before them the startling fact, that at the
instigation of the Colonization Society of Maryland,
the Legislature of that State had imposed a tax of one
dollar upon the head of every free colored person in
the State, and those who could not pay the tax were
to be sold into slavery; that the enormous sum of
\$50,000 had been wrung from the poor defenceless
free colored population of Maryland, to aid the Soci-
ety whose agent had spoken to them that day.

The Presbyterian minister was present, and seemed
not a little surprised at the revelations I made. Our
old enemy is silently at work out here, and we must
meet him. We ought to have a tract on Colonization.
Our friends in Windsor regretted that I did not have
such a tract with me.

This is, indeed, a glorious field for labor. Many
of the people have never heard even the first principles
of anti-slavery. But the agents must look to other
sources for support. Our collections are magnificently
small. All the money contributed at the Windsor
meeting might have been put in one corner of a Lib-
erty's vest pocket, without attracting any attention.
Truth seldom brings money. However, I found a
hearty welcome at the home of Mr. Lambert Sanford,
which I prized the more highly, being in such a dark
region.

The Convention at Owego, though not numerously
attended, left a good impression. Several copies of
the 'Pro-Slavery Compromises of the Constitution' were
taken by persons who will no doubt do good ser-
vice with them. Subscribers were also obtained for
the Standard. Yours truly, W. W. B.

PAUL CUFFE AND PRESIDENT MADISON.

Many of our readers will remember Paul Cuffe,
who formerly transacted business in this city, some
account of whom was given in this paper a year or
two ago. He was a colored man, but possessed much
ability for conducting business, and was highly re-
spected. A correspondent of the Fall River News
gives the following incident, which occurred at a
time when a white President was not ashamed nor
afraid to acknowledge and enforce the rights of his
colored fellow-men.—New Bedford Standard.

'Paul was a man of rare ability for a black man;
very active and persevering, of stern integrity,
and was respected by all who knew him. He had
accumulated some forty or fifty thousand dollars, a
part of which was invested in a vessel, of which he
was commander. The vessel was manned by a black
crew. Capt. Cuffe took in a cargo and cleared for
New York. On his arrival, he called on the collector
of the custom-house, and deposited his papers. After
Capt. Cuffe had settled his out-bound voyage, and
taken in a cargo, he went to the custom-house for a
clearance, and to get his papers; but the collector
of the port would not clear him out nor give him
his papers, and abused him with the most shameful
language. Capt. Cuffe had no other re-
sources than to go to Washington, and, after getting
the necessary proof as to who he was, where from,
&c., repaired there. Capt. Cuffe was a Quaker,
and used their plain language, and on being intro-
duced to President Madison, he said: 'James, I
have been put to much trouble, and have been
abused, and then, to top it all, the collector of the
port, giving such proof as was needed in his
case, and added, 'I have come here for your pro-
tection, and have to ask thee to order the collector
for the port of Norfolk to clear me out for New Bed-
ford, Mass.'

President Madison, after hearing Capt. Cuffe's case,
promptly ordered the collector of Norfolk to clear
out Capt. Cuffe with his black crew for the above-
named port. After Capt. C. returned to Norfolk,
he heard no more abuse from the collector, but re-
ceived his papers and his clearance; and although the
collector believed black men had no rights that
white men were bound to respect, yet he was bound,
in this instance, to respect the rights of Capt. Cuffe.
This President Madison regarded Capt. Cuffe as a
citizen of the United States, and considered that
he had rights which the President of the United
States of America was bound to protect and respect.'

In person, Paul Cuffe was tall, well formed,
and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified
and prepossessing; his countenance blending gravity
with modesty and sweetness, and firmness with gen-
tleness and humanity; in speech and habit he was
plain and unostentatious.
When he was prevented from going abroad, as
usual, in the pursuit of his business, on account of
the rigors of the winter, he often devoted a consid-
erable portion of his time to teaching navigation to his
own sons, and to others in the neighborhood of his
residence; and even on his voyages, when opportuni-
ties occurred, he employed himself in imparting a
knowledge of this invaluable science to those under
his care; so that he had the honor of training up, both
among the white and colored population, a consid-
erable number of skilful navigators.

By petitions and other proceedings, Paul Cuffe was
mainly instrumental in securing the elective franchise
to the colored citizens of Massachusetts. The history
of this movement, with interesting details of Paul
Cuffe and many other distinguished individuals, may
be found in W. C. Nell's book, 'The Colored Pa-
triot of the American Revolution.'

From the New York Evening Post.

COLORED CITIZEN SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

It appears that not only did negroes 'do the State
some service' at the battle of Bunker Hill, but that
they were held in much better esteem in the continen-
tal army than some, at least, of their white
brethren in the ranks of the Continental army. The
following striking language is found in a let-
ter written in Massachusetts, by General John
Thomas, to John Adams, under date of 24th Octo-
ber, 1775:

'I am sorry to hear that any prejudices should take
place in any Southern colony with respect to the troops
raised in this. I am certain the insinuations you men-
tion are injurious, if we consider with what precipi-
tation we were obliged to collect an army. In the regiments
at Roxbury, the privates are equal to any I
served with the last war. Very few old men, and, in
the ranks, very few boys. Our officers are many of them
boys. We have some negroes, but I look on them, in
general, as equally serviceable with other men. A boy
who early and freely uses tobacco never is known to
fight; and, in action, many of them have proved
themselves brave.

I would avoid all reflection, or anything that may
tend to give umbrage; but there is in this army, from
the Southern side, a number called rifle-men, who are
indifferent men as I ever served with. These privates
are mutinous, and often deserting to the enemy; un-
willing for duty of any kind, exceedingly vicious,
and I think the army here would be as well without
as with them. As to justice to their officers, they are
as some of them, likely men.'

The last letter is in the hands of the descendants of
General Thomas. The injustice of the Dred Scott decision could
not be further shown by similar testimony of revolu-
tionary times. The men, the citizens, who fought
to achieve our freedom, are now regarded by a ma-
jority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the
United States as things, chattels, and possessing no
political right to become citizens!

REPUBLICAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

UNCLE TOBY ON TOBACCO.

DEATH IN IT. A boy, named West, living in
Seymour, picked up a piece of cigar, and, putting
it in a pipe, smoked it. As a consequence, he was
taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours.

UNCLE TOBY.

TOBACCO HAS SPOILED THOUSANDS of fine boys,
(including a dangerous precocity, developing the
passions, softening the bones, and injuring the
spinal marrow and whole nervous fluid.) A boy
who early and freely uses tobacco never is known to
make a man, in the true sense; he generally lacks
energy of body and mind. Boys, if you wish to be
anybody, DESPISE TOBACCO, name and thing.

UNCLE TOBY.

ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOOLY. 'Can't
I do what I please with my money, sir?' 'Of
course you can, sir. Anybody can be as big a fool
as he pleases.'

TOBACCO AND KUM are the annoyance of modes-

ty—the spoiler of civility—the destroyer of reason—the
brewer's agent—the wife's sorrow—the children's
transmitted curse—and 'Satan's seed corn.'

ITS USES. A Good Disinfectant. A pert girl
said to a venerable lady, 'I am told, madam, you
have lost one of your five senses, by sniffing—that
of smell.' 'True, my dear,' said the old countess,
with a smile, 'but there are advantages in that; for,
as I smell nothing, I avoid all bad smells.'

It aids Virility, or makes Boys Men.—Said a man
to little boy, strutting up Cornhill, with a cigar,
before breakfast. 'My boy, you would look better
with bread and butter in your mouth, than with
cigar.' 'I know it,' said the youth, 'but it would
not be half so glorious!'

FROM WHENCE COME FIRES? 'My father's house,'
said a little shadow on the wall, 'was destroyed by
fire, which fell from his pipe; a fact well known at the
time. And this an-
dience,' he continued 'are familiar with a dreadful
fire, of more recent occurrence, in our South
village—a fire which sprang from the same vile habi-
tude, and consumed nearly fifty thousand dollars' worth
of property.'

A church in Chicago, which cost some thirty
thousand dollars, was laid in ashes by the same
cause. A carpenter went upon its roof with his
pipe, and in an hour after he came down, the upper
portion of the noble edifice was wrapt in flames be-
hind control.

THE CLAIMS OF RELIGION ON ITS PROFESSORS.
Religion bids you to be cleanly and gentlemanly
in demeanor. But, tell me, is the common
use of tobacco a cleanly and becoming practice?
SMELL it, and it makes your nose a mere dust-pan;
CHW it, and it soils your lips and teeth, and makes
your mouth a nauseous distillery; SMOKE it, and it
pollutes the lungs and throat, and makes the chest
a sort of volcano, and the mouth a crater venting
smoke and fire. Is this gentlemanly or decent?
When Gouverneur Morris returned from France, a
Doctor of Divinity, notorious as a smoker, said to
him, 'Mr. Morris, do gentlemen smoke in Paris?'
'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Morris, 'Gentlemen, Doctor,
smoke nowhere!'

CHURCH! CHRISTIAN USE OF MONEY! Religion
bids you, as a steward of God, to make a proper
use of money. Your habit is expensive, and worse
than useless. If you are well, this poison can do
you no good; hence, every cent you spend for it is
a waste which dishonors God; it is 'money for that
which is not bread.' If you are ill, it does for some
time, a child can show you that you have squandered
an enormous amount of money—money needed to
raise drooping hearts, and to fill the world with
light and love.

UNCLE TOBY.

AN ANATHEMA ON THE SMOKER.
'May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Whose kisses are but smoke,
And keep his chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his woman might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker!'

From the New York Independent.

MOB VIOLENCE STILL PREVAILING IN KENTUCKY.

Extracts from a letter from Rev. John G. Fee, dated
Boone, Madison Co., Ky., Aug. 14, 1857.
The mob still rages. The court came to the
Judge of that county (Rockcastle) threw his influence
on the side of the mob, gave up his court-house
to them and the Slave Power to pass resolutions
against me. The party, who are now in the house
down the house rent of Mr. Parker, [where meet-
ings have been held since the meeting-house was burned,
and where Mr. Fee was lately mobbed,] during his
absence from home, at night, and the family
(wife and four small children) narrowly escaped, saving
but little. The friends at Cummins's are alarmed
for their property and persons. One of the worst
of men, last week, at court, was publicly that he
would take my life. The friends at Green's and at
Cummins's have refused to open their houses for the
present, much as they desire to hear me. I had
started last Monday to go and see the people around
Green's, and get them quietly to go to meeting. I
found that the Grand Jury had risen without any
presentation, the mob was not restrained, and the people
are not willing to open the house. The posts of
danger are now closed to me. I trust that there
will be a reaction soon. The flame is fed in Rock-
castle by a clan of Southern (South Carolina) board-
ers, gamblers and ruffians, who come up every season.
These encourage and treat to whiskey a reckless
mob, who are out-pawing for the present, and
the abuse which I published has been read
with great avidity, and many persons say it has done
much good.

We had a very encouraging meeting last Saturday
at the Glade. Good resolutions were passed against
mob law, in favor of liberty of speech and press, and
several excellent speeches were made. One of the
of the friends will stand firm. Our thinking is
a pro-slavery man, but a personal friend of mine,
and who went in search of my person while I was
supposed to be in the hands of the mob, was yester-
day surrounded by the mobocrats at Mount Vernon.
I have not yet heard the result. It is thought that
this will turn the violence into the slaveholding party.
I go to help a Baptist meeting, and will be in the
ministry ought to be visited. I have had my mind
drawn for months to this subject. I feel that
prayer has been heard for us.
My condition is at present perilous, and my wife
is almost overcome with anxiety about it. I am
worn down with continued riding, am not vigorous
in health, and am pressed with the weight of the
rest of faith. I hope that God is my friend, and
will overrule all for good, and give me wisdom and
grace. Pray for me.

THE RENEGADE JOHN MITCHELL.

That base Irish apostate, JOHN MITCHELL, has issued
proposals for the publication of a Southern journal, in
which he intends to advocate the renewal of the for-
eign slave trade, as a most beneficent enterprise! The
New York Tribune satirically says:—
'Mr. Mitchell, if we may judge by his prospectus,
has entered upon his new duties with commendable
spirit. It is always pleasant to witness the fresh
zeal of these novices. It is seldom that they stick
at anything. They do not simply go the whole hog,
but a whole herd of whole hogs. Slaveholders,
born and bred in the midst of slavery, and who have
heretofore supposed themselves to be pretty
enthusiastic advocates of the institution, stand
aghast at their own moderation when they listen to
men who come among them, and who volunteer to
assist them. When the visual arts of such are
purged of any remaining film of free notions, and
the John Mitchells see slavery (as they say) for them-
selves, they always discover more beautiful things
in it than were ever dreamed of by the slaveholder.
To tell the truth, they generally overdo the matter,
and are more rapturous that is absolutely necessary.
When they say, as John does, that slavery is the
finest institution in the world, that it is vastly
more promotive than freedom of the prosperity of a
State—that it is the best thing for the master
and the best thing for the slave—why, they talk
hyperbolic nonsense, and are regarded by Southern
men who hear them with profound contempt. Those
who have had the best and most extended opportu-
nities of studying the institution, know that such
talk is mere babble and bomb. The man who is lis-
tened to with the greatest respect is he who, while
he sees no remedy for the evil, admits that it is an
evil. Therefore, we conjure Patriot John, by all
his hopes of a seat in Congress, by his love of many
plantations, by his peculiar passion for corpulent
negroes, by all these, we conjure him to moderate
his raptures. Otherwise, people will be apt to call
him an Old Humbug.

In pursuance of our advice, we think Mr. Mitchell
had better say nothing more of the re-opening of the
African slave-trade. If one people are to go to
Africa for slaves, why may not another people go to
Ireland for the same commodity? We hope Mr. Mit-
chel will not offend his Irishman sensibilities by the
question; but how would he like it, if a French
ship should carry off from the coast of Ireland, and
into slavery, a select assortment of his uncles, uncles,
cousins,—in fact, the cream of the Mitchells fami-
ly? But the Africans are black, and the Irishmen
are white, when they are not very dirty. True
enough; but color has not heretofore saved the
Irish people from the most terrible oppression, as
we think, J. M. will admit. We suppose that a
certain Town-Major Sir—John may have heard of
him—brought white backs with as much gusto as
black, and will flag the black ones when he got them.
But the slow and timid, who need encouragement
to be a Boston editor or a Boston man to hint
any doubt upon the subject of the Franklin making,

is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator, or
suggesting an inquiry whether the sun and moon
are not beginning to break up a little, and show a
failure in their faculties; and we therefore say what
we have said timidly and deprecatingly.

But the scene at Faneuil Hall, on the 10th of
place for the indulgence of this questioning spirit,
and we resolutely put it aside. It was delightful to
see the happy faces of the children lighted up with
the glow of success, and the happier faces of the
parents, animated with a sweeter and deeper feeling
still. It was pleasant to see the teachers, who
looked as if they had earned their vacation, and
meant to enjoy it. The hall, with its decorations
and its flowers, was a cordial spectacle; the speeches
were good; and though the singing of the children
was not good—and not worth the time and trouble
it costs, if it cannot be better—we were content not
to criticize.

But there was one thing we noticed which did
throw a little shadow over our thoughts. We stood
on the platform, very near the boys and girls, as
they passed by to receive a bouquet at the hands of
the Mayor. We could not help observing that not
one girl in ten had the air and look of good health.
There were very many lovely countenances—lovely
with an expression and a brightness which we could
not but admire. They were like fair flowers resting upon a fragile
stalk. Narrow chests, round shoulders, meagre
forms, pallid cheeks, were far too common. There
was a general want in their movements of the buoy-
ancy and vivacity of youth and childhood. The
heat of the day and the nervous exhaustion of the
occasion were to be taken into account, and a com-
pensation should be made for them. But this was
not the first time that we were forced to the conclu-
sion that here in Boston, in the education of girls,
the body is lamentably neglected. And it is a very
great and serious neglect, the consequences of which
will not end with the sufferings themselves. Of what
use is it to learn a dozen things during the first six-
teen years of life, and to stuff the brain with all kinds
of knowledge, if the price be a feeble diseased body?
A finely endowed mind shut up in a sickly body is
like a bright light in a broken lantern, liable to be
blown out by a puff of wind, or extinguished by a
dash of rain. If the destiny of woman were to be
put under a glass and looked at, like a flower, it
would be of little consequence; but woman must
take her part in performing the duties and sustain-
ing the burdens of life. These young medical schol-
ars, in due time, will marry men whose lot it is to
earn their bread by some kind of toil, in which
their wives must needs aid them. To this service
they will bring an intelligent capacity and due in-
dustrious purpose; but how far will those girls, with
health and the cheerful spirits which health gives?
A sickly wife is no helpmate, but a hindrance. If
we neglect the body, the body will have its revenge.
And are we not doing this? Are we not throwing
our whole educational force upon the brain? Is not
a healthy city born and bred weakness, and we are
as near as a black swan? And is it not time to re-
form this altogether? Is it not time to think some-
thing of the casket as well as the jewel—something
of the lantern as well as the light?

From the New York Independent.

MOB VIOLENCE STILL PREVAILING IN KENTUCKY.

Extracts from a letter from Rev. John G. Fee, dated
Boone, Madison Co., Ky., Aug. 14, 1857.
The mob still rages. The court came to the
Judge of that county (Rockcastle) threw his influence
on the side of the mob, gave up his court-house
to them and the Slave Power to pass resolutions
against me. The party, who are now in the house
down the house rent of Mr. Parker, [where meet-
ings have been held since the meeting-house was burned,
and where Mr. Fee was lately mobbed,] during his
absence from home, at night, and the family
(wife and four small children) narrowly escaped, saving
but little. The friends at Cummins's are alarmed
for their property and persons. One of the worst
of men, last week, at court, was publicly that he
would take my life. The friends at Green's and at
Cummins's have refused to open their houses for the
present, much as they desire to hear me. I had
started last Monday to go and see the people around
Green's, and get them quietly to go to meeting. I
found that the Grand Jury had risen without any
presentation, the mob was not restrained, and the people
are not willing to open the house. The posts of
danger are now closed to me. I trust that there
will